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etc., that is, a girl brought up and living among soldiers, on the sea, etc. Evidently such a meaning is intended here. *Coniunctis manibus loqui* is rather mild for 'Wir kosen Hand in Hand'. On the other hand, as we have already observed in regard to the other version of Heine discussed above, several phrases in the Latin do not render the simplicity of the German, such as *tu rabiem Noti experta et pelagi iras, quas fronte impavida subis*, for 'Vertraust du dich doch sorglos Täglic dem wilden Meer', and *Non pectus pelagi dissimile aestuat* for 'Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meer. *amabile* seems out of place. The shore is not *amabile* to the water-loving girl. *Os frustra timidum* can hardly stand for 'Und fürchte dich nicht so sehr. In technique the poem is a tolerable Horatian imitation, but it is not a reproduction of Heine either in detail or as a whole. It must be said, however, that it is difficult to conceive of any adequate Latin version of these German verses.

Christina Rossetti's When I am dead, my dearest, is given in the Alcaic. The first strophe is an excellent Latinization of the first half of the first English stanza:

Ne forte maerens carmina concinas,
fatum rapit si delicias tibi,
ne forte dent umbram sepulchro
ulla meo rosa vel cupressus.

The second and third strophes, which will not be quoted, are mediocer. The last two verses of the fourth and last strophe, which run:

Oblivio mergat iacentem
ambiguum an meminisse det fors,

are not only an undue expansion of the English. Haply I may remember, And haply may forget, but are also marred by their extreme obscurity and the ending in two monosyllables.

The song of Thomas Campbell beginning How delicious is the Winning is peculiarly adapted to an Ovidian rendering. The subject is not very serious and is frivolously treated. So are the Amores, which in form and spirit our version resembles. Each of the six elegiac couplets represents one of the six English stanzas. The third distich, which runs

Advenit almus Amor nulloque iubente resistit,
opprobriisque tenes hunc precibusque fugas,
is a particularly happy rendering of

Love he comes and Love he tarries
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;

Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden;
but all are satisfying and form one of the most successful attempts in the collection. Usually, and partly of necessity, the writer, as we have seen, has a tendency to expand his original. Here he compresses and this is perhaps another factor which contributes to the excellence of this version.

In a word, Mr. San Giovanni shows unusual facility in writing Latin verse, and, notwithstanding a few misinterpretations and some failures to display the spirit of the originals of his versions, his work is admirable and we await with interest his further efforts.

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We reprint with pleasure from the UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CHRONICLE, Vol. X, No. 3, in English and in Latin both a sonnet, by Professor Leon J. Richardson, of the University of California, which appeared in the Sunset Magazine, September, 1904.

PROCUL NEGOTIIS

What glad release from care and crowded street,
To bar thy city door and fare away
Among the hills! And when the opal ray
Of evening falls, to seek some fair retreat
By spring-fed streams, where field and forest meet;
To stretch amid the scent of pine thy bed;
And, yellow orb'd Arcturus overhead,
To sink at last in slumber, deep and sweet;
Then at approaching dawn's uncertain beams
To linger in the borderland of dreams,
Till every elf that pipes and plays along
The tender aspen boughs, is chang'd again
To golden oriole or russet wren

And morn bursts forth in blithe full-throated song!
Laetus qui fugiens curam turbasque viarum,
iam foribus clausis, collium amoena petit!
ille etenim, ut serus croceo venit Hesperus igni,
quaerit sepositum, rivulus unde salit,
fontem; continuo medius nemora inter agrosque
pinorum fruitur stratus odore vago,
donec, ut Arcturi flavescens despicit orbis,
solvantur placide membra sopore gravi.
inde novi incerta cunctans sub luce diei
numina semivigil Pana deasque videt,
qui nunc populea ludunt in fronde recenti,
nunc calamo complent dulce sonante nemus,
cum subito in volucres varias mutantur et Eos
erumpens hilari fundit ab ore melos!

From a little volume of Latin verse published by Professor Richardson in 1899 we reprint the following:

Come live with me and be my love,
And we shall all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
An' if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love. —MARLOWE

I mecum modo tu deliciae domum,
tu coniunx hilaris! Deficiet nihil,
nec curae segetum nec nemorum quies
nec quod mons niveus laetitiae ferat.

Strati per cava nos saxa tuebimur
pastores pecoris vel memores vagi
argutas vel aves desilientibus
lympae fonticulis undique consonas.

Iam multa placide, Tyndaris, in rosa
resplendens variis undique flosculis
somnum fessa petes. Tum tibi pillei
ornata et foliis pallia myrteis,
vestis praeterea, quam tibi laneam
pulchellae pecudes vere satis dabunt,
molles et soleae, frigora quo feras,
aurataeque etiam, lux mea, fibulae.

Zonam gramineam denique conferam
gemmis coraliis et tibi sucinis
scite compositam. Nunc ita si placet,
i mecum modo tu deliciae domum.

Crebris iam iuvenes cantibus et choris
festos vere dies concelebrant tibi.
Quodsi te moveant omnia quae feram,
tum mecum remane deliciae meae.

The following version of a passage in Tennyson, *The Marriage of Geraint*, is by Professor Tracy Peck, of Yale University:

Verte tuam, Fortuna, rotam; demitte superbos;
verte rotam rapidam per solem, nubila, noctem;
teque rotamque tuam non odimus aut adamamus.
Verte, o verte rotam seu rides seu stomacharis;
nos nil mutamur quamvis rapide rota currat;
res nobis angusta, sed est generosa voluntas.
Ride—nos ridemus opum domini locupletes;
saevi—nos hilares manibus nostris operamur,
namque homines exstant homines fatigue potentes.
Verte rotam, Fortuna, super turbam trepidantem;
estis tu rotaque ista ambae de nubibus umbrae;
teque rotamque tuam non odimus aut adamamus.

BLIND LOVE

The following translation is by Professor George Dwight Kellogg, of Princeton University (other renderings by the same scholar will appear in the next number):

O me! What eyes hath Love put in my head
Which have no correspondence with true sight:
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's "No"
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find!

—SHAKESPEARE, Sonnet cxlviii.

AMOR CAECUS

Heu! quales oculos mihi dedisti,
Amor! quis nihil, ut solet, videtur!
quo mens, sin aliter sit, avolavit,
quae nunc, quod videt, inritum arbitratur?
Sit, quod lumina falsa amant, facetum:
negant cur homines severiores?
notat, sin minus, hic amor misellus
suum non oculum esse sic acutum.
Nequiquam poterit videre recte
oppressus lacrimis et inquiete.
Nimirum mihi tum error est amore;
sol tantum ipse videt serena in aura.
proh! me, callide Amor, tenes dolore
caecum, ne inveniam istam iniquitatem!

AUGUST MAU

(1840-1909)

Readers of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY will be shocked to hear of the sudden death of Professor August Mau, at Rome, on March 6. His wife had died only three days before. Though he had shown of late years some signs of failing vigor, no one suspected that he was seriously ill. Only two hours before his death he was in conversation with an officer of the German Archaeological Institute, whom he asked to make careful arrangements for the courses of lectures at Pompeii if he should himself be unable to give them this year. Simple but impressive funeral services were held in the library of the Institute and appropriate tributes were paid to the memory of the man without whom "the Institute could never be the same and whom his friends and students of all lands loved and love". He had recently expressed the hope that he might be permitted to round out forty years of labor at Pompeii. For the fulfillment of this wish two more years were necessary.

By the death of Professor Mau, classical scholarship loses one of its commanding figures. To students of Pompeii in particular his decease means the removal of their most respected master and leader; to those who have enjoyed the privilege of personal intercourse and more intimate acquaintance his death comes as a distinct and irreparable loss.

H. L. W.